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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

[The following admirable lines from the pen of an American lady, a native of the Keystone, appeared some years ago in the Southern Times newspaper. We are told that the poem was found in the house of a tipping gardener, whom it had the happy effect of winning from the haunts of dissipation to his own domestic hearth.]

"You took me, William, when a girl,
Unto your home and heart;
To bear in all years after-date
A fond and faithful part.
And still me, hence I ever tried
That duty to forego,
Or pined there was no joy for me
When you were rank in woe.

"No; I would rather share your tears,
Than any other's glee;
For though you're nothing to the world,
You're all the world to me.
You make a picture of my mind,
The rough-hewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smiles,
And music in your tone.

"Oft when you've left your home at eve,
In slumber by our side!
I take that time to commune
That spirit my open of rest,
And feel it as part of thee
I bid upon my breast.

"There's only one return I crave—
And I ask it not a-sking—
And it must soothe thee when I'm where
The weary find repose.
I ask but for a kinder tone,
For them more ever kind;
And let me live frugal here—
My love I do not mind.

"I ask not for store more gay—
I ask not to have gay
Suffice it but to share thee,
For more I murmur not.
But I would add some choice of home
That you an ribbe bestow
Of knowledge, which you do not so much,
Might I not something know?

"Refrain from meetings amongst men
Make me companion of your one.
And I vow unto thee
That you will find me kind and true,
Then much when you're sad;
Less bellous I shall find the time
Dear William, of your love.

A most compassion soon I'll be
For each your bodily ills,
And mother of those little ones
You call your cottage home,
And if we be not rich and great,
We will be poor and kind;
And so my heart can warm your heart
So may my mind your mind."

Pictures of Life.

FANNY DAY'S DECISION.

"I like her!" exclaimed a young man, with no inconsiderable degree of ardor.

"But can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? Is she a something to get married upon, or will she have to begin where her father's ended," said his companion.

"Tush, Bob! if she would only wed with me—why, she's poor herself."

"Yes, and proud, too. The fact is, women require so much more, nowadays, to satisfy their ideas of—so many servants, just such a style of living—that, for my part, I have given up all thoughts of marrying." Ned said this with some bitterness, as if he had good reason for feeling it.

"My business is good," resumed the other, almost upon his own affection. "And maybe I have my prospects pretty fair, if I live prudently—I mean to read more at the latter—I might support a wife, with economy, in a very humble manner."

"Yes, if your little establishments were in fashion, Charley."

"She is sensible and intelligent; she must be economical. Notice the dress she wears, its simplicity or taste in the arrangement of her hair—in short, in everything. Now that should put both be independent enough to begin in a small way—on short, and, if she loves me—for I can expect to get along in the world, you must love without money."

"Well, it's a pity," said Charley, somewhat dampened by the inquiries of his friend, "think what charming creatures I could have in the heartily sick of the off hand bachelor life we now lead. What! most I wait till I make a fortune before I marry?"

"Or be over head and ears in debt," suggested Ned.

"That will never do," exclaimed Scott, right earnestly; and it is to be regretted that every young man does not make a similar determination, with independence and judgment enough to keep it.

Here the two came to a turn in the street, where they took different directions. Charley held his steps towards the south, and, in a merry mood, Ned—I know not where.

Charles Scott entered his counting room and shut the door. The business of the day was over, and the clerks were beginning to leave as the ready and accustom tardy signal of the fast gathering round. He stirred up some dying embers, then throwing himself carelessly in a chair, and placing his feet upon the iron fender, he soon became wonderfully absorbed in his own reflections. He was a young man of excellent tastes and excellent habits—remembered well by all his friends as one of the rare examples of that dear human circle, at which he was once a loved and loving member. They had prospered well, and he had lived upon the cold bounties of a bonding house. His heart pictured well a comfortable home for a place to call his own, with the delightful peculiarities, my wife, my fireside, my table. It does not appear to what conclusion Charles came, or whether he came to any at all. Musing found him at his toilet, preparing for a party.

Long before the hour he was ready, and waiting for the arrangement of his friends. Though no one knew better how to fill up hitches in time with something useful and pleasant, there was a restlessness of spirit, which refused to be quiet. He sallied forth into the street, and after various turns at length bent his steps towards the Clarke—manor and mirth met his ear, and bright lights streamed from the windows. Making his grateful acknowledgments to the ladies of the house, and uttering a few agreeable nonsense to those about him, he stood among the belles of fair women not easily maiden named Fanny Day. She took him a welcome, which seemed to say "come hither!" He stood aloof, in no seeming hurry to seek a place by her side, already half occupied by another, while his eye discussed, with keenest scrutiny, the real materials of Fanny's dress. Consensus of his manner, assuming (I) gaze, Fanny seemed to hear the quick beatings of her own heart, and hope, and fear, and love, came and went, and went and came, like smiles and shadows across her spirit. "A new and splendid silk," thus ran Charley's thoughts, "that looks very extravagant; and that bracelet, too, I never saw that before; I wonder if she is fond of such gewgaws! What is that dangling from her hair? A gold pin, or gold tassel! I should like to know how much it cost!" Not very love-like comments, it must be confessed; but he was a little annoyed that the betrothed and the bride, to what signified a great deal more, he was looking for a help-mate—one for dark days as well as bright—"I am afraid she won't be for me," said this to her uncle's house, that it will want to live just so." Something like a sigh escaped him as he walked away in the other part of the room. Fanny watched his departure, wondering when he would return. She was sure he would rejoin her by and by. Ah, how long and dull it was! But no return. Had he only known that Fanny's silk dress was on a new case, newly turned and newly fitted as it had adored form, by her needle and her skill, so as to make it quite as good as new—how sensibly mortified this that was! Had he only known that the bracelet was a gift ten years before, and the gold pin, why it was a decoration borrowed to please his eye; as Fanny was not so culpable after all. I say but Charley knows all this; he did not stayed away so strangely and coolly all that love long evening, while Fanny's heart was sinking. Mournfully did a tear gather in her eye, as she beheld him depart without a parting glance or a farewell word.

Charles Scott was not quite satisfied. He really loved Fanny, but he was afraid to marry her. It was not a worldly, mercenary love. It counted the costs, and calculated the chances, albeit, they did it not, said, somewhat by arithmetic, and knows no reason. He had fixed principles of action, and settled rules to govern his conduct, and was not the man to allow that love should laugh him out of them, or that love blind him to their value. No; he determined to abide by them.

Some time passed away, and never was a time that Fanny appeared more lovely, or that she dreamed of Fanny, but he did not visit her.

Behold a gathering of friends, a pleasant little company. Charles is there, and Fanny. He thinks she never looked so charming, so lovingly, with her simple braid of hair, and her modest, fawn colored dress. There was nothing real and reprehend in her eye, it seems him in the heart. "Dear Fanny, how can I ever have been so cold!" he said, in the midst of swarming festivities. "I mean to see her, and explain to her all my motives!" And in a gust of sense, she cannot but approve, of she is not—such a cruel misery remained unproved.

As he was meditating on this, Charles saw that it is he happened so was contrived love changes and chances, and how singularly that the two had themselves threading their way along through the streets at an early hour. Now for Charley's resolution—for he had one.

"But Fanny," he continued, with remarkable self-possession, "I have a few words which I must not to be repeated," "I want you to understand exactly my situation, how I intend for the future to live, and whether you can be willing to share my lot."

"Indeed, Charles, I am willing to share your lot, whatever it may be," said Fanny, with a smile and a blush.

"Then I'll be over head and ears in debt," exclaimed Scott, right merrily.

"Not exactly, for she saw only a rose tinted future.

"Fanny Day, I shall be married very soon," was his next sentence, "and I am desirous that you should be present on the occasion. Perhaps you may feel that you cannot conform to such humble circumstances as mine, but I am determined to abide by them.

At the moment, Fanny thought she could decide exactly, for she saw only a rose tinted future.

"Fanny Day, I shall be married very soon," was his next sentence, "and I am desirous that you should be present on the occasion. Perhaps you may feel that you cannot conform to such humble circumstances as mine, but I am determined to abide by them.

"Do not decide now," said Fanny, "I will be married, it must be confessed, had indeed so much as to think of it, and would be so many young ladies—gay votaries of wealth and independence—long every thing else, that I should be very much surprised to find myself in the parlor. Fanny belonged to that class of females, who, if not fortunate or expensively married, had been brought up amid the appliances of wealth. She was an orphan, and lived in the family of a rich uncle, who, with his wife, indulged and none in the kitchen, she had lived an easy, independent life, floating on society, with its pleasures and its many unemployed parents. She was dull not seek her, because such men generally seek a companion, and wealth and much economical career, a poor man might fear, and yet feel, as Charles Scott did, because he was a man of worth, and they are apt to regard labor as menial service. If all young men would do as Charles Scott does, by uniting to their wives their real situations and their true interests, exhibiting to them the real and dignity of labor, and encourage and stimulate exertion, there would be fewer ill-regulated households and thriftless wives. Fanny Day was one of the many who weighed it all, and decided.

Scott married not many months afterwards, Fanny in her new home. It was indeed a snug home, full of comforts and blessings. There was a pleasant little sitting room, with neither carpet nor smiles, with kidderminster and flag bottoms, ornamented by stuffed cane or dressing, settee or marble tables. Her kitchen, too, was neat by, where Fanny was not ashamed to spend her morning hours.

"Do not come in the morning," said Fanny in a gay mood, when her husband was preparing for his morning bread or morning relish.

"Doing your girl's work! Ugh!" exclaimed the lady of fashionable life.

"Oh, I'm my own girl," replied Fanny, "and I'm not ashamed of it. Nancy Lewis comes in when I want her. I can make a song, and toast a turkey, and I dare say I can bring bread. Nancy Lewis, indeed! I wish you don't know anything about." Fleta did not like to be thought so.

"I really pity Fanny," said the same Fleta, passing by her door one day, weary and depressed with the fatigues of a show and a fashionable calls.

Pity Fanny! She had no need of such pity. Was she not spreading the sunny cloth upon the dinner table? cutting sweet white loaves from her own making? anticipating the time of viewing? bringing pies of her own baking? all products of her skill, and not the fruits of toil? "I am glad to see you, Fanny," said the nicely limited steak quite compensate for the privations of his morning exercise? True, Fanny had her trials, the cakes did sometimes burn, and the potatoes were not always done—but then she did not fret about it, and was easily sped away before early rising and employment. She had no time for such things, and never cried out, "Oh, I'm dying for want of exercise!" Her chamber must be cared for, her pantry looked after, and the floor silked. Yes, Fanny calculated how to use her hands. She was a reckoner as well as a seamstress. What delightful evenings did they spend together, sewing and reading, at a leisure, or engaging the society of dear friends. Charley, cheerful and happy in the consciousness that his energies exceeded his expenses, now that his energies exceeded his expenses, was pleased with nothing so much as his wife and Fanny rejoiced in the consciousness of bearing her burden, of contributing her share to family comforts, enjoying an elasticity of spirit and vigor of health, of which the idle and unoccupied can scarcely conceive.

More than this, there were blessings that family could impart.

"I really cannot afford to do anything," replied the manager of a splendid mansion, in self-satisfaction in behalf of the suffering poor. "I have no spare cash for anything at all." I have paid away the last farthing this morning."

It was very true; her time and her means had been so completely paid for, while the poor stood waiting to whom she did not pay the last farthing that morning, and heart-sickening her just dues for weeks, and suffering in consequence of their long delays.

"Oh, you are too conscientious!" concluded the same collector, timidly, after exploring the extent of Mrs. Scott.

"I shall be very happy in the private of doing it," answered Fanny, placing a bill in the hand of the lady's woman. Yes, and in Fanny felt that the pleasure of having fine clothes and costly furniture and many servants could be no fair equivalent in the satisfaction of being able to send timely aid to the poor, and carrying the balm of relief to aching hearts.

"Ned, how is it with you?" asked an old friend, often he unexpectedly met some years after their boyish days. "What's the matter, Ned? You look dull."

"Yes, yes, I dare say—but it's the fashion here, and its only when I'm here. I have had a time of it since we were boys together," continued the gentleman, bitterly; "sleepless nights, devouring fancies to make this rude meet; and when I couldn't, why, what could I do? Get involved and bear it like a gentleman—hard work, I tell you, and I have had there are in the same deplorable situation.—But tell us of Charley Scott," he exclaimed, flashing away the memories of the past—"Good fellow—I hope he is doing well."

"Well, very well, I believe; he has got a wife," cried Ned, with a relish—a wife worth having, I can assure you. She is a treasure, and she's an intelligent, refined woman—with independence enough to begin housekeeping with one servant girl, and economy enough to be generous when the generosity places any object of desire the more surely within our reach.

But more than this all have small perplexities to meet, and Charley has his share, with respect of a person who in any way damages the complacency of foregone conclusions. He never returned, Ned, to happy acquaintance, imagines that the learned, so-called, are wonderfully independent. We shall see how few are there who are not followers of circumstances, and of pretty trying ones sometimes, and to the man who anxiously looks forward to the future, and feels himself as an organization, independently of considerations of a sterner and less creditable nature, are the sources of the most harassing perplexities. He is surprised that so few living men attain the distinction which they covet so much, and, I'm sure, I would get married myself, if I could get another like Fanny Scott—a great comfort to Edward Green to make, confirmed bachelor as he was. The old friend sighed as he repeated, "yes, everything depends upon a wife."

The Essayist.

GREAT MEN.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

It is universally remarked that now-a-days there are no great men—no great statesmen, authors, artists, dramatic writers, orators, theologians, philosophers, or poets. Good men there are, but a lifeless mediocrity—cleverness, acquirement, and even considerable ability—but no great depth, scarcely any towering genius, little courage or ability to soar to commanding heights, or to sustain a lofty flight when there. What's where a Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, where a Burke, Fox, Chatham, Pitt, Canning, where are they in the superlative? The days even of Burgesses are gone! Ample scope is there for the display of talent, but where are the talents? The Heat is come—but where is the Light?

This is exactly one of those subjects which admits of being treated pro and con. Much may be said on either side, and the question of preponderance one way or another. In the first place it will not escape observation that the age is remarkable for the diffusion of knowledge, and that the general standard of intelligence is considerably above the average of former times. Instead of darkness, we have now a hundred writers of ordinary, though no mean capacity, all actively employed in enabling each man to form an unappreciable excellence, we have thousands of readers who are able to form and to express their own opinions. We have, to be sure, no Newton; but look at the multiplicity of minds turned to the pursuit of talent, yielding them up to the use of Nature, and occasionally disclosing new and important secrets. Then, as to the dignity of human nature, we observe in society the repulsion which exists between cold and selfish men, and those who exhibit a generous and noble disposition. Instead of the latter being laughed at, they are more prominent a man becomes, the more is he exposed to challenge; and it would be well were all the more intelligent members of the community, or the mental grumblings of the half-informed, but for the general good sense and beneficial and general opinion. The satisfied way nothing; it is only the brawler and busybody who is encouraged. Then, as to the moral tone of society, it is certainly not lowered; on the contrary, it is elevated, and tend to be at the head of the French school of painting—a lesson worth taking to heart before leaving the subject. The artist formerly offered—MAYER CONCLUDE the Fourth [illegible] more. Sir Bart at Scott's D., 1776. Died at Rolleand, Nov. 2, 1844.

Question for the Curious.—"If a man leaves London on Monday at noon, and travel west with the apparent speed of the sun, so as to make the circuit of the earth in twenty-four hours, when and where would the inhabitants first tell him it was Tuesday noon?"

Our Portrait Gallery.

MRS. BARBARA HOFLAND,
AUTHOR OF "THE SON OF A GENIUS, &c."

Mrs. Hofland, whose useful career we are desirous of noticing, was born in Staffordshire, of dissolute who, endowed with a good heart and strong mind, soon rose above, and by their genius, and by their writings, but more especially by moral excellence of character, check the progress of vice, and inculcate the purest of every virtue. Such spirits send out upon the face of society "living and shining lights," and when they are to lose so great a luminary from their system. The wailings on such occasions are loud and bitter. We shall not, however, be apt to be generous when the generosity places any object of desire the more surely within our reach.

But more than this all have small perplexities to meet, and Charley has his share, with respect of a person who in any way damages the complacency of foregone conclusions. He never returned, Ned, to happy acquaintance, imagines that the learned, so-called, are wonderfully independent. We shall see how few are there who are not followers of circumstances, and of pretty trying ones sometimes, and to the man who anxiously looks forward to the future, and feels himself as an organization, independently of considerations of a sterner and less creditable nature, are the sources of the most harassing perplexities. He is surprised that so few living men attain the distinction which they covet so much, and, I'm sure, I would get married myself, if I could get another like Fanny Scott—a great comfort to Edward Green to make, confirmed bachelor as he was. The old friend sighed as he repeated, "yes, everything depends upon a wife."

Mrs. Hofland was born in great haste last night to attend a Dutchman who is living with a Yankee friend of ours; both master and man are such—one has consumed, the other again—shall we venture to guess which will recover first. Let us see, on seeing Clarence, the Doctor was shown into a room where he was told he would find Hans, but it was some time before he discovered him: the bed was there but where was the patient? At length a loud groan was heard, the bed moved, and the Dutchman's head appeared from under the feather bed, his face glowing like a full brown peony.

"Why, Hans, are you cold?" said the Doctor.

"No. I ish hot."

"What did you get under the bed for then?"

"To vheel," said the German to Dutchman.

"Does your head pain you?"

"Vhere?"

"Have you any appetite?"

"Vot you said?"

"I say, do you eat? are you hungry?"

"Vaw, I ish hungry now. I could vant some leetle ting."

"Let me look at your tongue!"

Hans lolled out his great tongue, and then drew back on the feather counterpane, and the bed, and was seen no more that night. The Doctor felt an alarm at his awful groans, well knowing that they were signs not yet dangerous, so he left the room in search of some one with whom he might leave directions. He found Mr. Forbes (the master of the house) sitting with his hands on his knees, giving intently the fire, as rather than waken, by the fire had gone out.

"Good night, Mr. Forbes," said the Doctor; "I hope I see you well this evening."

"All but the well," replied Mr. Forbes, tartly.

"Why, what is the matter?"

Master—Well, I think, with not hungry a Dutchman on my hands, all shaking with the ague, and nobody to cook for them, with the prospect of his not being well under ploughed our sunbeam this fall."

Doctor—Oh, the cook left us last week, she has been back home. She got tired of the ague, and neither had not Dutchman to detain her. As to my wife, she is so housesick that she does nothing but cry from morning to night. I am just in as bad a fix as a fellow well can be.

"Well, what do you intend to do?"

Master—Why, I don't know. I've been up to Philadelphia, and tried to get a cook, but I picked up these Dutchmen at Milwaukie, as I came on, and engaged to keep them for one year, at a rate of wood cash, and they are so ignorant that it is impossible to get them to do anything. I've been a few minutes only elapsed before the cook was discharged, and she was deeply convinced as her unlady-like conduct, and would have given much to have undone what she had done before the hasty words had escaped her lips.

"Doctor," said Mr. Forbes, brightening, "if you can help me in this case, I will be willing to pay you more than I would for all the calomel and quinine you could give me."

Well, Mr. Forbes, in the first place you must send your wife to bed, and you and I will go to Somerset, or, believe me, they will be dead before we get back. Come, you are a part of your house, hire a Dutchman who is already seasoned, to wait no cool cook for you; give them a good tea, and a cup and let them "shwank" it out. They will be well in a short time, and in the mean time you can hire a few strong hands by the day, who can board themselves—take your wife out to the country, get her among friends. I have frequently spoken to her of you, and she has expressed a wish to meet your acquaintance. She will remain at Jones's Hotel for a week. Will you not call upon her, and invite her to your house, and I am sure she will know you will take her very much—she is the favorite of my family, and all my friends. I know of no one to whom I am more attached. She is so kind, so gentle, so sensible, and so fond of my age. Make her your acquaintance, by all means."

"For your sake, I for no other, I will do so," said Mrs. Forbes, as she closed the letter.

"And as Mrs Herbert is only going to spend a few days in Philadelphia, I will call upon her at once."

And so Mrs. Lindley dressed herself that very afternoon, and called upon her friend, a friend's particular friend. She found her quite ill, and confined to her bed with a cold, which, though not severe, still required to be carefully nursed at home with her.

"When did you arrive on our city?" inquired Mrs. Lindley, in a gentle tone.

"I came to day before yesterday," was replied.

"Will your stay be short?"

"I shall leave in a few days for the South, where I intend spending the winter."

"My friend Mrs. Herbert, I suppose, very well?"

"Oh, yes! I never saw her look better in my life. She speaks of you very often, and promises herself great pleasure from your company should you visit New York."

"No more than I do myself. She is a letter hearted woman."

"She is, truly, and the favorite of every circle wherein she moves."

"She is remarkably familiar in your face, Mrs. Herbert," said Mrs. Lindley, during a pause in the conversation, as she closed the letter. "

THE

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A MAMMOTH PAPER.

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☞ *This Paper contains from one-fourth to one half more than the generality of Two Dollar City Weeklies.* ☜

THE PUBLISHER OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would respectfully call the attention of the public to their long established paper. The POST is now a paper of the very largest size; only one other paper in the country being, it is believed, of equal dimensions. It is nearly entirely filled with Choice Original and Selected Tales, Sketches, Sea Scenes, Biographies, Scientific Notices, Agricultural Information, News, Editorial Remarks, and Miscellaneous Matter of all kinds calculated to instruct and amuse.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

J. BAYARD TAYLOR and GRACE GREENWOOD are regular Correspondents of the POST.—The letters of the former are hereit why writers; while those of the latter are universally allowed, by the best judges, to be equal in wit, sprightliness, and general intellectual force and vigor, to the best productions in a line in which gifted women excel.

T. S. ARTHUR and other *writers of world*, are also engaged as regular contributors. We have now a thrilling story, or rather Novelette, on hand from Mr. *Arthur*, which we expect to publish before many months, called "THE CHILD STEALER," by Author Story, called "HENRY BENSON; OR THE EVENTS OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS," by R. PHIPPS, Esq., is also waiting a favorable opportunity. Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS likewise has a Story in hand for the readers of the POST.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

In addition to the vast store of reading matter, we give nearly every week one or more FINE PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN, or Pictures of an interesting character. In the course of the last year, we have given Portraits of Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Dupont de L'Eure, Odillon Barrot, Carnegnac, Thiers, Guizot, Arago, Gen. Grimm, Gen. Bedeau, Gen. Changarnier, Gen. Lamoriciere, Gen. Patrori, Smith O'Brien, T. F. Meagher, Louis Blanc, Capt. Marryat, late Archbishop of Paris, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Archduke John of Germany, the President of Sicily, &c., &c., besides numerous attractive Pictures of various descriptions.

NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c.

We shall always endeavor to lay the latest News before our readers. Our BANK NOTE LIST is corrected *monthly*, and a full and accurate account of the MARKETS, SALES OF STOCKS, &c., also weekly given. These Departments are made up from the most reliable sources.

A MORAL PAPER.

We shall be especially careful to maintain for the POST an unblemished name: so that persons may unhesitatingly put it into the hands of the younger members of their households—while, in the Editorial columns, we shall ever war, as heretofore, with the immoral publications of the day.

NEUTRALITY.

The POST is NEUTRAL in Politics, and free from all sectarian bias in religion. But it does not interpret neutrality to mean *dumbness*: knowing that monthly readers would incline one to think of having their "cause" trodden on occasionally, than that their weekly visitor should fail in spirit, liveliness and mental vigor.

FINALLY.

The POST is determined to have the lead it has taken in the Newspaper world. It has the advantage of possessing the largest kind of a Subscription List. All the Newspapers in the country *are passed by any rival.* Whatever others may *promise*, the POST will not be outstripped when it comes to *performance.*

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The person who shall receive the largest number of subscribers, or the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or be both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

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DEACON S. PETERSON, NO. 50 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in three editorial notices, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publisher to that effect. *post paid.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE SATURDAY POST.—We have to congratulate our friends Deacon Peterson and Henry Peterson, upon the magnificent appearance of their enlarged paper, which is now the very purest gem of the literary world. The Saturday Post is unquestionably the Saturday Post in every respect, and its circulation has been enormously increased. It has not now a successful rival within its sphere, *for no third or last class should remain in the same sphere with the cause of newspaper reading public.*—*Phila. North American and United States Gazette.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—Now is the best paper *of the kind that comes under our observation.*—*Frankfort Commonwealth, Frankfort, Ky.*

WE HAVE always considered the Post as one of the best of papers, fitted with great facility for the fireside, and we think with a number of the city papers abroad.—*Georgia Telegraph.*

THE original and selected articles of the Post are generally excellent.—*Cleveland Herald.* It is one of our readers who the best general weekly in the country, we say similar to the *Post.*—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE POST may justly be called the handsomest, best, and cheapest paper in the United States.—*Niagara Sentinel.*

ONE of the regular embellishments of this paper consists in the high merit now running through its editorial and miscellaneous columns.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE POST seems to be soaring above the best family Newspapers of the country, and now that it is decided to be the largest and best paper in the world, it is the head of its class.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

THE POST is one of the few literary papers of the day, in the success of which contributors to magazines are to be more interested and vendors of the literary wares published.—*Allegheny County Advocate.*

Varieties.

MACHINE POETRY.

OH! WHY SHOULD MY SALLY ANN CRY!

"Oh! why should the girl of my heart be in tears?"
Why glistens the dew in her eye?
Hayne! I brought her new apples and peaches and pears,
Then why should my Sally Ann cry!

Her mother's dead, I'm dead, and my father is too dead,
I'm dead so, at least, but can't say,
Perhaps Cap'n Jim stands, though he's mighty near dead,
And not for the stranger to pay!

But nevermind the issue e'er her eyes clouds Ann,
When the Governor and Senate are dry,
For, to ease them of duties, makes me dead *handy as*
And I intend help them to die!

For now a struggle awakes me—I see through the
At sunrise I'm alive and a sneezer.
My hands from her eyes does I take, and ask her to cease,
If she really pained anyone for dinner!

New York Mercury.

THE MOST SOLEMN THING.—"Mother," inquired a little girl a few days since, "why is it that people say *it is a solemn thing to die?* It appears to me it is more solemn to live."

"Why, my child?"

"Because it is only when we live that we do wrong; and to do wrong, I should think the most solemn of all things."

How far was that child from being right! Ought not people to be more careful how they live than when they shall come to live?

TERRIBLE CONTRADICTION.—Miss Longface.—Have you seen the opera of Lucrezia Borgia?

Miss Tiptoe.—No, I haven't but yet.

Miss Longe.—Well, it's real beautiful. All the heroes lose themselves.

Miss Tiptoe.—Lor! I must go, if it's only to see the themselves. I dote on themselves and more heroines!

MODEST.—"Man," said a sun-scorched fast traveller to the owner of a field of corn-stalks on the road, "can you give a poor fellow a bite of something to eat? Very hungry, indeed, sir, and anything since yesterday, mean, and in-the-world'll be the third day." A large Indian pudding was the reluctant reply. "Thank you, man," says he, "I can't eat pudding to-day." Then, turning to retire to the west, the remaining half followed its companion, and the traveller heard them whistle.

THE HUSBAND.—LIKE AND COLLAR.—The action of "Kim" had a note and lady acquaintance, and he was a great admirer of the latter's beauty as a Wife," and lent him the book as a special favor. Charles, who never could relish the sort of writing, returned the volume with notes from scribbled on the fly-leaf. What was the old lady's horror to see on opening the book, to read the following doggrel:

I never I meet a wife,
But I do wish her dead together.
For then I may sit on the bar,
And drink both brandy and water.

ANTHEMS AND ANTHEM.—The appreciation of sacred music deserves to be encouraged, and we are pleased from the following brief story, as from penning a few years ago in the green-room. Somebody asked Kemble what he thought of Braham, who was known to possess some literary talent, why he did not write his own plays.

"Why don't you black your own boots?" replied the actor, with an indignant frown.—*New York Related City.*

☞ "I do declare, Sal, you dew look pretty fixed to-day, to-do!" "Well, Solomon, you'll seeing as fast as I can," replied Sal, with her mouth full.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed to the office of this Paper, No. 50 Chestnut Street, to No. 50 South Third Street, first house below the Grand Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will assist themselves and not let us hope chiefly for assistance. The most of them are in fact inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and disposed person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to see the great superiority of our publication. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is but the same as *first class paper*, as on the nearest and poorest of the small reprints.

NOTICE.

Subscribers whereby their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be *changed from*, as well as the Post Office they want the paper sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently. ts

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. L. We are pleased that one reader is attention to a vexed question more with the appreciation. C. C. L. And while we think sufficient has been said upon the subject, we have no objection to the use of appropriate remarks, to insert similar articles as the kind and courteous ones of C. C. L.

THE RECENTEST ASSOCIATION "Little Peggy," and the Hackney girls whom she represents, they have to contend with their curiosity a while longer. We have not been able to find a publisher in the city of New York, more than there is such an association—perhaps half a dozen—but we have taken measures to become acquainted with the bachelors of the Hackney girls, and expect to see the marriage of a certain old lady, that the young men would be glad to see, and that the young men would gain, for, if they would remain quietly at home, the girls would run after them.

YEARNS DEAD. We consider it that it was best to leave the matter in the hands of the original party, to do as she thought proper.

C. C. M. So much of the interest of a story is gone, depends upon the manner in which it is written, that we are unable to say whether C. C. M.'s article has the trouble, for we might reject it after all.

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ACCEPTED. "To Miss S. H." "I kneed a friend but theseed," and "The Lawyer and the Priest."

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Our only *Travelling* Agents in the United States now, are Mr. Henry M. Lamb, of Kentucky, who is our Agent for the States and Tennessee; and R. Morris & Co., whom we have recently appointed our Agents for Mexico.

Those of our subscribers in the South and South West, who have been in the habit of having their papers called upon by an Agent, will please *remit to us* directly, as we shall not employ any Agents hereafter, owing to us in those quarters, and we would take it as an especial favor, if our friends would now remit the amounts against which they have to do so.

Even in the 8 sizes, both North and South, where we have Travelling Agents, we would request that remittances not to wait to be called upon. The money may be forwarded by the hands of an Agent, when a large per centage behind it; which our subscribers, by paying us directly, would save. Even in the 8 sizes, we are glad to send on the yearly prospectively, and the money for one or two new subscribers, (if possible,) which we may gain on application, communicates a corresponding liveliness to our columns, and enables us to avail ourselves of all favorable openings to increase the attractiveness of the paper, which, when paying agents are employed, are forced to come up by unaffirmed. Will not that large portion of our subscribers who are in arrears, remember that "the laborer is worthy of his hire?"

THE GOLD DISTRICT.

We confess that we have not been so enraptured for a long time, as by the agreeable perusal of the discovery of a large tract of country, abound with gold, in California. At first we were disposed to think it but a repetition of the Jason Georgia excitement, the early existence of which was troughed round with glittering sand, and ran that it "all is not gold that glitters." But the testimony of men, one would think, could not be brought to bear on the subject, and the following from a late number of a Boston paper:

"We notice that several vessels are up for California, and the rumors are rife of the forming of companies of young men here and there, to go to the gold region. Governor Mason, of the U. States. We advise all persons contemplating such a step to read the letter of Colonel Mason, on Mr. Hawley at No. 27 Washington's last, and then to make up their minds whether it is best for them to go or not and leave its family. It was the opinion of Colonel Mason that it would be a long time to New London, and thence next recently to Boston.

Being in the Parker homestead found with a large number of the copies of the Post, we have found local accounts of the great gold discoveries, and have perused them with much interest. The region seems to exist with unparalleled richness, and the gains are said to be immense. The following letter from Mr. Hawley, to which we have referred, will be found to contain the most reliable information:

Mr. Hawley, to whom the letter was addressed, is a resident of this city, and is well known to many of our readers. He has been in the habit of visiting us in the Post Office, and has been a subscriber to the paper for many years. We have also been favored with the perusal of several letters from other persons in California, but we prefer to give the following letter from Mr. Hawley, as it contains the most information, and is the latest received:

MONTEREY, Aug. 1, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—I have just received the packet of letters you sent by the Lexington, and am pleased to find I cannot retrain from expressing to you the satisfaction I experience in the receipt of them. The unlimited extension of the vile slanders which have been heaped upon me, and the unjust and cruel reflections cast on the persevering circumstances in which I have been placed, by the unfeeling and unjust conduct of your character to be subjected to such treatment. I am not conscious of having done anything to merit such treatment, and I am sure you will be pleased to award you full justice.

I have written you a long letter for this almost exclusively intended to your clients and services—and I have only to add, that I am well, and that though the earth in that whole range of hills are highly discovered, redeeming the presence of the precious metal, I am not aware of more than the usual amount of gold.

Yours truly,

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11.—The subscription Beef Cattle for sale at Market this week, 1,200 head. The prices were made from $5.50 to 6.50 per 100 pounds. Hogs—Sales were made from $5.50 to 6.00 per 100 pounds. Sheep—1,000 head were offered for sale this week, and sold at from $3.50 to 4.50 per 100 lbs. Cows—Sales were made from $30 to 40 per head.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 11.—Beef Cattle—Sales were made this week from $5.50 to 6.00 per 100 pounds. Hogs—Sales were made from $5.50 to 6.00 per 100 pounds. Sheep—Sales were made from $3.50 to 4.00 per 100 lbs.

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CHEAP POSTAGE.

Mr. Cooper, M. C., from the Committee on the Post Office Committee of the House of Representatives, reported a bill to the House to reduce and reduce a bill to reduce the rates of postage on letters and newspapers. The following are the principal features of the bill:

Sec. 1. For all letters, (any distance,) of half an ounce in weight, prepaid in the mail, or to be prepaid on delivery, in cities, and at the same rate for each additional half ounce or fraction thereof.

Sec. 2. On all newspapers, over 1,000 square inches, for all distances, the charge to be one cent each, if prepaid quarterly, at the office of publication, unless the office of publication of half a cent each, if not prepaid.

Sec. 3. Printed or lithographed circulars, handbills, &c., one cent each, if prepaid quarterly.

Sec. 4. When not sent from office each receiving, &c., to pay a commission of two cent newspaper.

Sec. 5. All pamphlets, magazines, periodicals, &c., to be charged at the rate of one cent for each ounce, and one cent additional for each half ounce or fraction thereof.

Sec. 6. That publishers of pamphlets, magazines and periodicals, and all others, may send two free copies of their publications to the publishers of the respective newspapers.

Sec. 7. Duty of Post Master General at certain offices to provide places of deposit other than the Post Office, &c.

Other sections limit the franking privilege, and guard against abuses.

This is a rather more favorable bill than that reported by Mr. Johnson, but we fear that which will not reach the Senate. Letters at 2 cents, prepaid, and newspapers of the usual rate, half a cent, are the principal features of the bill, and will delay the approval of the Department. And we fear that the Senate will not be disposed to act on the matter at this late period of the session, and that it will be postponed to the next session, when, we trust, the people will be heard from in such a manner as to secure the public interests of the country.

HERO AND LEANDER.

[An extract from a letter, which we suppose we give it unwise willingly, because we make with no such power of the original London entertainments, the exhibitors of these scenes have believed rather what they saw.]

I have seen the Hero and Leander of Steinberg, and it haunts me as a vision of perfect beauty and grace. Leander is a fine, manly young man, and the noblest ideal of manly beauty. Pure in its expression as he ascends, his heart is the love of Hero with a gaze of intense devotedness in which all the energy of a strong nature seems concentrated, and the whole body and limbs with the utmost reach of a love which through the agency and danger of the sea, and the infinite. There is wonderful expression in the eyes; their motion is the managing of the art of the eloquent, that we are not even reminded of the usual difficulty in regard to that feature.

I have always thought that the face of Leander, because it is the most remarkable and striking part of the group, but they were deceived. The perfect noble type of Grecian beauty, is that of Hero, which bears upon it the impress of the most harrowing loneliness of a mother towards her wounded child. A sentiment ineffably tender and protecting beams from her countenance. The Tiger may be cruel a spiritual light and warmth, as if the Madonna herself were the model. One hand, at the declining waters of retirement upon the thinking of the delicious draught—his face is bathed in the cool and refreshing waters of the world of melancholy that fall from her lovely lips.

There is an irresistible feeling of reality inspired by the close like appearance of the scene. I cannot help regarding them with an eye of human interest, as the complete form of a living man, and as following a spiritual presence into the marble. The backs and the limbs of the figures are not managed or a certain old lady, that the young men were in the habit of visiting the house under the guise, for, if they would remain quietly at home, the girls would run after them.

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PERNICIOUS WORKS.

An instance of the evil effects that are apt to result from the reading of the lives of notorious criminals, is recently recorded in the *New York.* We learn from the Courier of that city, that an extraordinary attempt was lately made to rob the Independent Treasury, by a boy of 16 or 17 years of age. As one of the parties was returning, in the evening, about 7 o'clock, for a banner, he observed the door open and the boy engaged in the act of robbery. Upon the alarm being given, the boy escaped. Upon the boy's person was found the following articles, viz: a dark lantern, a pair of boot-screws, a pair of false whiskers, a pair of pistol-screws, and a box of matches, and a dirk knife. The boy's name is Charles Ellis, and he is the son of a respectable widow lady, residing in Jersey City. He has been in the habit of reading the lives of notorious criminals, and it is supposed that he was led to the commission of the crime by the perusal of the lives of those whose names he has mentioned.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

In a portion of our edition last week, we gave a short summary of the news received by the Hibernia from Europe.

The Britannia brought Liverpool dates to the 16th ultimo, containing intelligence of an important character. The King of Prussia, emboldened by the success of the Emperor of Austria, had by the latest accounts, dissolved the National Assembly by force. Upon the object of this movement, being to deprive the people of the right to support their own free parliament of Berlin. The Assembly refused to leave the hall of meeting, and forced the members to do so. The Assembly then adjourned to meet in another house.

A body of troops, amounting to 21,000 men, with 64 field pieces, under General Wrangel, were, by the above movement, ordered to assemble in the lumber guard and the people. A contest between the troops and the people was daily expected, and the latest accounts left it still undecided whether the people should regain the position they had possessed.

"Order reigns in Vienna," such as formerly existed in the days of Metternich. The Austrian Emperor signalizing his success by the most atrocious murders. Deliberate citizens are shot, their houses robbed, and even women violated with impunity.

The heroic students are hunted down like wild beasts. If all the accounts be true, they should not be surprised to hear at any day, that Austrian rule again is the most execrable one that can be known in Cincinnati. A gentleman whose wealth is said to be immense, has been for a year or two living in the most belatedly penurious manner. Whenever a well *de Jamaica* suspected has been found, he has been in the habit of going to the house, in the character of the man who brought the water into the house, and then gave people a few dollars a year.

The Austrian troops have invaded Hungary. Some accounts, not well authenticated, say that the Hungarians have defeated the Austrians. The Austrian army numbers between one and two hundred thousand men, and Hungary about 40,000 men—but the victory is not always to the strong.

The Italian revolutionists are still resisting the Austrians. Louis Napoleon's character seems still enamored the best.

Commerce is looking up in England. Cotton is held with more confidence, and prices are rather improving. The flour and grain market is lively. An act to regulate the passenger steamships, the Canada, is extensively expected.

OFFICE HOLDERS.

The following passage occurs in the Report of the Post Master General:

It may not be inappropriate to remark, that those connected with the Department, and with the Department could not but have observed that there has been for some years past, a growing feeling prevailing the country, that the system had been carried to the extent of the public accommodation, and even beyond the public interest. The number of offices in the United States, and the consequent expenditures, have been increased from year to year, with a rapidity which has excited the attention of the country, and the consideration of those selected; and that each President, and the heads of the several executive offices, and hence emboldened political contractors, have been induced every neighborhood, demonstrating in their tendencies, and injuriously affecting the public interests.

To remedy this, he proposes that the Post Master General be authorized to establish offices for a specific term of years, be separated from the Cabinet, and only removable by impeachment. He would appoint a board, to act authoritative officers for a like term of years, be removable by the Post Master General, and he never shall be made, except for good and sufficient cause, to be reported to the Senate at the commencement of the session.

We do not see that the above proposed alteration would have much effect, except that part of it which would make the appointments of postmaster for good cause, to be reported to each session of Congress. This would be a check, by not making any other change, and we most decidedly object to the latter clause. We do not trust the next administration will not make changes in any but the highest grade of offices, for the reason that the people will not allow such a sanction. Hence, discretionary men at all parts of the country will be appointed to office, and we have had so much cheap talk in politics, it is not the government's business here to remedy. Establish the rule, and there will be no more interference with the appointments than there is now. But if it were, there would be a new machine known as the Cabinet, which would be a check upon the Post Master General, and would be a check upon the Post Master General, and would be a check upon the Post Master General, and

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1848.

MISS LYDIA'S POEM. Our readers have often seen poems floating through the papers under the name of ANNE C. Lynch, and doubtless been struck by their force and beauty. Miss Lynch has lately collected her poems together, and published them in an illustrated volume. The book is well calculated for a Christmas present, to ladies fond of poetry, and can be had of book-sellers generally. We have room for but one poem, although hardly a fair sample of its contents:

ON A PICTURE OF RUTH.

Fresh, through the mist of ages past,
Thou comest on our view,
As when from Judah's morning fields
Thy footsteps brushed the dew.

Yet 'tis not for thy beauty's sake
We turn to contemplate thee;
Although a checkered's empire hence
Attests its potency.

Nor for the quiet interest
That simply tells the story;
And not that from thy side there sprang
A line of princely glory.

But for that changeless, deathless love,
The true one! only known,
That of it, as divine, forever
Saviour, brightest glown.

That love that laid down life to save
The stranger's still abode,
Upon whose altar there ascends to day
Thy incense, all sweet, day by day.

CLAYTON. *A Tragedy.* By *G. H. Boker. Philadelphia: R. H. Butler & Co.* We received this week the first copy, but hope to have more in person at our leisure, as we are apt to do with new volumes of poetry. We have perused some of the best corners, and we forget that its reception had not been acknowledged.

"CALAYNE" is a most wonderful improvement upon a volume of poems published by Mr. Baker not long since. If he goes on improving at the same rate, it will not require many books to put him in the very front rank of writers. Calayne itself gives Mr. Baker a prominent place among American dramatic writers. It is written with much condensation and vigor of thought, and exhibit manifests considerable skill, though we think the Marchal Ney scene of Calayne hardly a strong enough hinge for the play to turn upon.

Mr. Baker has published the quarto from Calayne well worth the quoting, but we have not the book by us, and cannot give them from memory. We regret, however, Mr. Baker's swift and just and magnificent Parnassus-wand.

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The JANUARY number of this popular monthly is embellished with a fine engravings, and a fashion plate. The engravings are, "Ruth Gray," "The Two Lovers," "Isabel," "The Fall of Jerusalem." The literary contributions are by "The Ellis's," Mrs. Hale, "Dr. Dunn,—Klein Gray," by Ciara Moreton,—"Is it Economy?" by T. S. Arthur,—"The Bachelor Caught," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, &c., &c. There is also a fine Poem, and C. J. Peterson the first chapters of "Kate Douglass, or Philadelphia in 1776."

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP. A handsome edition, with colored engravings, has been issued by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

Also—"MARY GRAYDON, Georgetown," by J. H. L. C. Tuthill, from the same publishers.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC for 1849. *Boston: C. C. Little and J. Brown.* Everybody wanting a work of this Almanac contains a large amount of interesting statistics, &c. It is for sale by C. MACALLY, 144 Market st. Philadelphia.

HOLIDAY HOURS. A series of tales by Catherine Sinclair. Mrs. Gore's "Author at Home" "Sentiments," "Hill and Valley," &c. From the 42d London edition. Published by *G. B. Appleton, 164 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.*

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS. A book for children illustrated with colored plates, published by *G. B. Appleton, Philadelphia.* Also *Rose Clarke*, a tale of rural and nothing from the same publisher.

THE WATER CURE REVIEW. A new monthly devoted to the Hydropathic System, by R. T. Trall, M. D., editor. Published by J. S. Tough, Baltimore.

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From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 6th, the Vice President laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, which was laid on the table.

Mr. Phelps, of Vermont, presented the credentials of Hon. Jacob Collamer, Whig Senator, re-elected for a term of six years.

The Senate resolutions to elect a Chaplain, was concurred in.

Mr. Cameron moved to proceed to the election of Chaplain, but no quorum being present, the Senate adjourned.

On the 7th, after the preliminary business had been gone through with, Mr. King, of Alabama, arose, and announced the decease of Mr. Walker, in a previous speech, the death at his colleague, the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis. He paid a brief but public eulogy, and said that he had passed through his business and of many of which Mr. Lewis was a leader, returned, in the name of the State he represented, thanks to the citizens and the municipal authorities of the city of New York, for the attentions paid by them to the deceased.

Messrs. Dix and Seward, of New York, respondel, and passed a high tribute to the many virtues of the deceased Senator.

Mr. King then moved that the Senate shall not be put in mourning for thirty days, and that the customary resolutions of condolence be passed and be forwarded to the bereaved family of the deceased Senator.

The motion was carried, and the Senate adjourned over until Monday.

On the 11th, the Senate was called to order at the usual hour by the Vice President, who had before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury relating to the instructions to the support of the Collectors of the Customs, &c., report on the state of public finances.

Mr. King, of Alabama, presented the credentials of Benj. Fitzpatrick, Senator from the same State, nominated by Gov. Chapman to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. Mr. Walker, who was sworn and took his seat.

Upon the usual announcement of the sexual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, a long, animated and spirit debate ensued, in which several Senators were introduced. This was participated in by Messrs. Davis, Foote, Allen, Hale, Yulee, Cameron and others. Mr. Cameron declared his opinion that really the Pennsylvanians, by the recent vote, had repudiated the tariff policy of the late Polk administration. Finally, however, 10,000 copies were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Dickinson offered a resolution relative to the establishment of a transfer office for letters sent from the post office of Rood Bay, which was adopted.

Mr. Douglass, on leave, introduced a bill for the admission of California into the Union as a State, which was read and laid on the table.

The Senate then took up Mr. Cameron's postponed resolution, to enter upon the election of a Chaplain. The result of the election was as follows:—Rev. Mr. Slicer 28; Rev. Mr. Smith 5; Rev. Mr. Newman 2; Rev. Mr. Sunderland 1. Rev. Mr. Slicer was declared duly elected.

After the transaction of some unimportant business the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 6th, after the ringing of the journal, Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, moved to go into the election of a Chaplain, when the name of Rev. Dr. Pollock nominated the Rev. Mr. Gurley. Mr. Lord nominated the Rev. Mr. Slicer. Tellers were appointed, and the vote stood—Gurley, 105; Slicer, 79. Mr. Gurley elected.

Mr. Wentworth submitted a resolution inquiring of the President whether he has received official information of the arrest of an American citizen in Ireland, by order of the British Government, charged with promoting Irish revolution, and if the measures have been taken for their release.

Mr. Brinkerhoff opposed the resolution, and some discussion ensued. The resolution was finally laid over for the present.

A memorial was received from the President, in which he set forth his reasons for signing the Oregon Bill at the last session.

On motion, the message was laid on the table.

Additional papers were received from the President relating to negotiating the Treaty of Peace with Mexico—referred.

Communications were received from the State Departments, and referred to the appropriate Committees. The House shortly after adjourned.

On the 7th, Mr. Anderson, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution providing for the reporting and publishing the debates and proceedings of the House of Representatives, and spoke at some length in support of his resolutions.

Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois, opposed the resolution with much warmth, drawing party lines, and endeavoring to draw a distinction between the press in Washington City. Happening to name the Globe, in connection with the rest, a member arose and asked if he could tell to whom party the Globe belonged. Mr. Wentworth replied that he did not know, and did not care.

Mr. Root next obtained the floor, and spoke a few minutes in opposition to the resolution, when a message was received from the Senate, announcing the death of Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, Senator from Alabama.

Mr. Bowlin, of Alabama, then arose, and after pronouncing upon the deceased Senator a brief but feeling eulogy, the House passed the customary resolutions of condolence and mourning, and adjourned until Monday.

On the 11th, Mr. Clark read the journal of the last session, in which were embodied the names of the Standing Committees. There were but few changes from the organization of last session. The chairmen were all retained.

Mr. Thomas Smith offered a resolution to adopt the standing rules of the last session.

Mr. Vinton objected, and to amendment, that precedence be given in the order of business, to the General Appropriation Bills, which was adopted.

Andrew Johnson offered as an amendment the appointment of a new committee on the Deaf and Dumb Institution. This led to an extended debate, in which Messrs. Johnson, McClelland, Georgia and Hilliard took part. Messrs. Hilliard and McClelland defended the Institute and its management, while Messrs. Johnson and Georgia and Mr. Johnson violently assailed it and its management. But the amendment was rejected.

The rules of the last session was a finally adopted, with Mr. Clarke's amendment concerning reporting, and if that be true, man is the greatest fool I know, for he unites the whole three.

The Speaker next laid before the House communications from the Secretary of War, relative to the finances of the Government and Indian affairs. A large number of petitions from Clerks of the House, relative to the books ordered to be distributed among the members by resolution of the House of last session, were referred to be printed.

Mr. Tuthel introduced a bill amendatory of the Civil and Diplomatic Act of the last session which, after some discussion, was referred to the Committee of the Whole upon the state of the Union.

Sundry resolutions of enquiry upon the various departments were offered and referred.

George N. Eckert, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a Tariff Bill to the House for its consideration, based upon the principles of the Tariff of 1842. Upon the final passage of this resolution, the yeas and nays were ordered, and it was decided in the affirmative—yeas 79, nays 78.

Mr. Talmadge offered a bill from the files of last session, to grant the Collectorship of the Port of Mast in the city of New York. He moved to suspend the rules for the purpose of referring it to the proper committee.

Mr. Goggin, Chairman of the Committee on Post Office and Post Roads, reported a bill which passed by a bill providing for the reduction of postage and regulating the franking and other postal privileges, which was read twice and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, offered a bill prescribing the character of the expenditures of the contingent fund of the War Department during the ensuing year and of both.

Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, moved to lay the bill on the table, upon which, the yeas and nays were ordered, and the motion was declared to be—yeas 79, nays 107. The bill then passed to its second reading.

Mr. Stanly, of Ohio, offered a resolution to the effect that the Committee on Printing be instructed to report a resolution to limit the number of copies of the proceedings of the House. Objection being made to its immediate reception, it was sent, on Mr. Inge, of Tennessee, motion to debate it.

The following resolution, offered by Mr. Wentworth, was taken up in order, and was adopted:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested, if not incompatible with the public service, to inform the House whether he has received any information of the organization of a corps of volunteers of the United States in the provinces of Ireland, by the British authorities, for the purpose of suppressing the recent and imminent insurrection with the public interests, to inform the House what steps have been taken in their release, and to furnish it with copies of all correspondence which has taken place in relation to the matter.

The House then adjourned.

Clippings.

You may look from the east to west,
And search from north to south,
And never find an angrier breast,
Than a widow's mouth.

A waiter must be lofty's see.
A cook must be deep,
On a cake grasp for an axe or spade,
And a pie crust be steep.

A lawyer must be high in his pleas,
A doctor must be low,
A carpenter must be handy with his saw,
And a painter must be slow.

A gardener must be fond of his beds,
A barber must be quick,
A soldier must be ready with his balls,
And a sailor must be sick.

A miller must be grave,
A tailor must be gay,
A weaver must be long in his web,
And a cobbler must be short.

A preacher must be good in his sermons,
A judge must be just,
A lawyer must be ready with his fees,
And a dancer must be bust

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE PATRIOT BIRD.

THE WIFE OF TO-DAY.

BY JAMES G. WHITTIER

I ask not how the Gold is got
With smoking sleuth on reeking frame;
The yearning of the maid is stilled—
I find not now the dowry.

A rose—fond cheeks once shone,
Mellow with harmony's blue depths away—
Oh! sweet, fond dream of bonnie Love,
For thee I may not pray!

But, turned in loveliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a soft council,
Oh, Father, in Thine own.

Kosher, tenant, Thy servant see,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive to Thy kind to be,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel moves the Universe,
A mighty one Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Of all, above, beneath.

In vain I ask my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan—
I only feel how weak our vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for rest,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And like a weary child would come,
Oh, Father, unto Thee.

Though oft, like leaves tossed on mad,
My world emotions have passed away,
In mercy and Thy keeping hand
Unto my prayer to day.

Yale Literary Magazine.

A Bold Adventure.

A DANGEROUS CHALLENGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,
BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Among the foreign officers who took part in the campaign of the English against Tippoo Saib, was a Frenchman, Count Simon de Bernard. Although more than five-and-twenty years of age, yet he seemed scarcely eighteen; and his feeble frame, his fair complexion, and his delicate hands, gave him almost the appearance of a female in disguise. Notwithstanding this, he was a man of extraordinary strength, capable of enduring any fatigue—of sending every enemies, and obeying himself the gratification of every need.

Family affairs called him to Bombay, where two of his relatives, young English officers, received him with marked distinction, and soon after his arrival, invited him to dinner with several other officers—an invitation which he readily accepted.

At the Count's first appearance, the young officers, who were strangers to him, judged him by his weak form, and assumed this as the standard of his courage. The Count, with the last promise to him, remarked the impression which he had produced, and kept himself upon his guard, firmly resolved, however, to give the first opportunity that offered, in case he should him an enduring memorial of his visit to Bombay. As he took his seat at table, he was asked if he understood English, and, although he was perfectly well acquainted with that language, he declared that he was entirely ignorant of it, and begged them in courtesy to talk him in his native tongue.

Relieved from all restraint by this assertion, the Englishmen conversed together freely, and the Count de Bernard soon remarked that he was the object of their incessant mockery. He controlled his indignation, however, and listened with a calm and smiling mien. During the dessert, their tongues were rendered still more voluble by the champagne; and, as other things, the discourse turned upon the chase, and they asked the Count what kind of game, and in what way, he hunted in France. He acted, in order to perform his part to the end, replied that he sometimes hunted the wild boar on horseback, sometimes hares and partridges, with pointers, sometimes foxes and deer in the forest.

"Ah!" cried one of the company, "you hunt foxes, hares, and deer! We, in this country, hunt the tiger."

"And in what way?"

Monsieur, upon elephants, accompanied by slaves, some of whom, armed with spears, go before to rouse the beast, while the others follow and muskets when we have dispatched them."

"That must be glorious sport," rejoined the Count.

"It is a joy," remarked one of the Englishmen, "that you have Sunday as soon; otherwise we could gratify you with such an entertainment."

"Well," rejoined Bernard, "if I am not much mistaken, I shall be able to procure you this pleasure for awhile."

"Fortunately, it so happens," said another, "that, just at this time, a tigress with her young has taken up her abode in a swamp, about three miles from here. Some Indians, who have had several sheep killed by the beast, brought us the news yesterday. We resolved to start early the following morning, in order to arrange a regular hunt, but soon as favorable an opportunity occurs of pursuing you a pleasure, we will defer it no longer."

"I am greatly obliged to you," replied Bernard, "but is it certain that the tigress is to be found in the spot where she is supposed at be, and is the spot accessible to us?"

"There is no doubt about it. From the top of a hill which overlooks the swamp, we can plainly see her paths through the reeds; they all lead to a common centre, like the rays of a star."

"Well, then," cried the Count, filling his glass, and raising, as if in response to a toast, "to the health of him who shall rest out the tigress alone, on foot, through the reeds, and slay it, amid its whelps, with no other weapon than this poignard!"

With these words, the Count drew from the girdle of a slave a Malay poignard, and threw it upon the table.

"Here you feel your senses?" exclaimed one of the officers.

"By no means, gentlemen," cried the Count, in a tone of bitter scorn, "and in proof of it I repeat my pledge. Learn to me well, that the man who accepts the challenge must swear to what he holds himself. To the health of him," he continued, "who shall accept the intrigue alone, on foot, through the reeds, and slay it, amid his whelps, with no other weapon than this poignard!"

Universal silence followed these words, during which the Count gazed in turn at all present—every eye was cast to the ground.

"No one answers?" he continued, with a smile. "No one ventures to accept my challenge? No one has the courage to do honor to my pledge? Then, gentlemen, I must undertake it myself, and if I do not, you may call me brave, as I now call you cowards!" With these words Bernard rose from his seat, threw coolly upon the table, and said, as he approached the door—

"Adieu, until to-morrow, gentlemen!" and with these words he disappeared.

At the hour, the following morning, the Count had completed his preparations for the fearful hunt, when his companions of the preceding day came to inform him that they had come to give up an undertaking, the result of which could not but terrify him. To him the Count would not listen to them. They acknowledged the impropriety of their conduct at table the evening before, and vowed that they had behaved heedlessly and rudely. The Count thanked them for their sincere regret, but refused to accept them. He answered, abruptly, that his principles did not permit him to mend the blood of his fellow-men; and that he contented the epithet which he had applied to them, but that nothing could induce him to give up his intended adventure. At the same time he invited the gentlemen to mount their horses, assuring them, however, that if they refused to honor him with their company, he would go alone in pursuit of the tigress. The declaration was uttered in so firm a tone, that no one attempted to oppose his purpose, but each of the officers mounted his horse, and, at agreement, to join the Count at the eastern gate of the city.

The party rode in silence toward the appointed spot. Each one was provided with a double-barrelled hunting-piece, a sword, and a hunting-knife; but each other with astonishment; no one could imagine it possible that the Count would persevere in the calmness to the end.

When they reached the edge of the swamp, the officers made another attempt to prevent him from pushing the adventure further. In the midst of their expostulations, and as if to warn him, a loud roar was heard at a distance of about a hundred paces; the terrified horses began to plunge and rear.

"I am grateful," said the Count, "to the tigress that she has thus announced her arrival. I shall quickly accept this again, I do not wish to insure an unfavorable opinion behind—even with a tigress. Farewell, gentlemen!"

With these words the Count struck the spurs into his horse's sides, in order to pass along the edge of the swamp and reach the hill, from the summit of which they could see over the reeds which hid the tigress and her whelps.

When they had reached the foot of the hill, a second roar was heard, but now so loud and so near that one of the horses started aside, and almost threw his rider from the saddle. The others, with foaming mouths, dilated nostrils, fixed and glaring eyes, trembled in every limb. The entire party now dismounted and gave their horses into the hands of the slaves; the Count was the first to clamber up the hill.

From its summit he could follow the tracks of the wild beast through the crushed reeds. Pacha, about two feet in width, were found until the tall sedges, and, as the officers had said, all led toward a common centre, where the reeds were more closely set, leaving a spot of bare earth. Another roar from this direction dampened all doubt, and Bernard now knew where to find his enemy.

The oldest of the officers once more approached the Count, and, with a trembling voice, intention, motioned him coldly away with his hand. He then turned to his aid-de-camp, and one of his cousins to lend him the silk sash that was fastened about his waist, in order to wrap it around his left arm; he then handed to the Malay to reach him his poignard, and directed him to hold his horse by the bridle. By means of a wet cloth; he threw his hat upon the ground, smoothed his hair calmly from his forehead, took the drawn sword and poignard in his hands, and while he disappeared for some moments, while his companions gazed upon each other in dismay, as if they scarcely credited the reality of the scene which was passing.

Slowly and cautiously, the Count advanced upon the path, which was set plainly marked out that it was impossible to set either to the right or to the left. When he had proceeded some distance, he heard a low growl, from which informed him that his enemy was upon the watch, and that, if she had not seen, she had at least scented him: he stopped for a second, and, as soon as the noise ceased, continued his path with a slight rise. At some twelve paces apart, which was shown with bones in which the tigress had devoured her sheep. He glanced around the circle, and, in a cavity of a few feet in depth, which was over-arched, partly by reeds, partly by the trunk of a tree half uncut, with open jaws, and her eyes fixed upon him, while her whelps were playing between her fore paws.

The Count alone could describe what passed, during for a while, but when the Count spoke of the animal, fearing to leave her whelps, did not attack him, he resolved himself to be the assailant.

He approached to within a few paces of her, and as he saw at last that she made a movement in case, he at once rushed upon the animal. Those who watched and listened, looked at once a roar and a cry: for a moment they saw the reeds agitated, then perfect silence followed. All was over.

They waited for a few seconds, to see if the Count would appear again; but they waited in vain.

They were now ashamed at having suffered him to enter the swampy alone, and resolved, as they had not prevented him from throwing away his life at least to recover his body. They advanced eagerly into the swamp, and at last reached the bare spot, where they found the two cubs playing over the body of their mother, the tigress was dead, the Count in a swoon. The two whelps, as yet too young to devour him, were licking his blood.

The tigress had received seven poignard wounds, but the most dangerous was that in her left arm, and a stroke from the animal's paw which had lacerated his breast.

The officers bore away the body of the tigress and the senseless Count; man and beast were carried from the same battle-field. When the Malay slave laid the young whelps with a corpse of cousin, and hung them over his horse, on either side of the saddle.

When, at the expiration of a fortnight, the Count left his bed, he found that he had conquered, which he had slain, with teeth of peals, eyes of rubies, and claws of gold, a great cat upon the floor as a carpet; it was a present from the officers of the regiment in which his enemy had been arrested. No man has ever returned to mock at the Count de Bernard.

Scenes in Africa.

LION HUNTING.

[Those of our readers who read the description of a Lion Hunt, in a couple of papers back, will, we think, ask for the following from the same source, giving an account of another meeting with one of the kings of beasts.]

A truly savage cry of exultation burst from all sides and colors in our little band; and, forgetful of the danger, the Kaffirs pushed forward to gaze on a small lean spot of earth amid the crop, brown grass of the unaltered hue of the lion's skin. There, within a few inches of the tread figure of the Yankee, heels up and head down, supported on his hands as he lay, was the boy (erect though prostrate) in the size of bounce—his watch in his mouth, and his coat-flaps forming a support to the back of his head, the blood at the same time filling cheeks and eyes to bursting!

"Why that do?" said Tuk to his friend.

"Oh, just the thing, exactly."

"Sure they said praying, eh?"

"No, your side enough."

"Very well, then," said in a tone of exultation he quickly recovered his feet—

"What trouble am I in now?"

The position of a himself had?" was the response.

Tuk's coat had took its natural hang amongst the grass, but a fit did not entertain it necessary at all to refer the matter to the company; the next case, at the next meeting the "accused" was forthwith invested him thinking of a letter, an inquisitive Yankee was heard inquiring, "Say, Tuk, what sees a *for dollar* fell in the *brightest?*—*Reveille.*

A COCKNEY TOURIST.

A short-spoken fellow, in a green frock coat, closely buttoned to his throat, a huge panel hat and blue neckcloth, corded drab pants and fish skin boots, with a countenance as round as the irregular moon, with a large valise on his shoulder, and refusing to satisfy the landlords demands for his luggage, presented himself at the counter of the Swan and Antelope, and called for a pint of ale.

But enough of this for the present. We are already tired of a subject which leads us to the contemplation of the degraded state of a portion of our fellow-creatures, and which is positively benumbed and refined. By which we mean to say, that our sensibilities are wearily palsy, and refined only to catch the popular eye, without the least regard to the individual suffering. We will, therefore, avoid all refinement of education and elevated station.—*The Lady's Paper.*

A MEMBER FOR LIFE, BUT OF A LIFE MEMBER.

The New York Day Book must be held responsible for the following capital story:

A young gentleman, who was more fond of the ladies than of his money, courted a daughter of one of our millionaires in sound church with him to bear witness, by a declaration of love, that he intended to be a life member of the connubial institution. It happened that the eloquent preacher preached a long sermon that day, and the young gentleman not being prepared for such an emergency, was sparing of it as to be the means of putting the whole with in respect to the call of the young lady.

"Have you any money?" said he to the man, "and if so, will you lend me a trifle?"

"Not a cent," was the reply, offering him a bank note, which he suddenly took and clapped into the pocket of the day he called upon his fair creditor to pay up.

"How large a bill was that you gave me yesterday?" said he, as he drew a new dollar note from his wallet.

"Only a five," was the reply.

Mr. H——'s hands fell upon his lap, and for about three minutes, he looked steadily into the face of his friend, who began to look pale. Finally, he gave a long, low whistle—one that would have done credit to the lady about to be married—and he would call again—and left for home.

Nine fifty dollars at Mr. H——'s was no trifling sum, for he was "only a clerk" on a small salary, but he "soon cried round," raised the money, and paid it over. That was the last contribution he has ever made to any charitable fund, and as for charity sermons they are his abhorrence. He considers himself a "life member" of every benevolent institution in the country.

☞ It is difficult to descend with grace without seeming to fall.—*Hare.*

Our Picture Gallery.

PEARL DIVERS ON THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA.

The peninsula of Lower California is about seven hundred miles in length, and ranges from one to two hundred miles in breadth, giving altogether an area of some thirty-eight thousand square miles. It has superstitious Catholics, and some mines of gold and silver, but these have been neglected, perhaps on account of the greater inducements to other countries to embark in the pearl fishery. In the early part of the seventh century, large quantities of pearls were obtained by the Spaniards, whose cruelty to the natives brought about the interference of the Jesuits, and the fisheries have since steadily declined. The divers are brought in vessels from the opposite coast of the Californian gulf. The most authentic account of an expedition thither gave the number of vessels at four, with one hundred and eighty divers, and the amount at about twelve thousand dollars. If the aforementioned society, which avoids ruling fifty tons were employed, the royal fifth usually collected would be twelve thousand dollars for every vessel employed, after paying for the needs of the expedition are shared out after this manner. The largest oysters are laid aside for the Virgin, and the remainder are counted out in the proportion of eight for the owner, whose vessel is employed, two for the Government. The greatest advantage is possibly derived by the traders on shore, who supply the divers with spirits, provisions, sugar, tobacco, and necessaries. Six or eight Indians, little vessels are usually employed in the gulf, yielding about a thousand dollars each. The products of this coast, if properly managed, would make amends for the barrenness of the land.

Selected Articles.

FEMALE WRITERS.

We have occasionally felt disposed to enumerate and to comment upon several of the difficulties against which female writers of the present day have to contend, and in attempting a portrait of their literary prospects and honors with the view of their completion of its opposite sex. But, unfortunately, or otherwise, as the case may be, we have never yet been able to get further than the first sketch, and that has generally been so unfavorable, that we have not had the heart to proceed. Perhaps, however, we have been unable to do justice to the subject, from the fact that, in our mind, have appeared to be so practical and obvious to the dullest apprehensions, that we have not been able to give it a task, as a work not merely of supererogation, but of idle pretension. Perhaps we have been in our own reputation. We have been sensible also, that our pen was deficient in the right spirit for such an office, and that the work would require a far greater amount of energy, vigilance, and independence than has been permitted us to command.

Recent evidence, however, in the literary circles of our own and of other lands, has induced us at length to make the attempt, but with what success we must leave to the candid consideration of our readers.

In the first place, then, we shall not pretend to close our eyes to the fact, that where the male writer of decided talent makes her debut on the literary stage, she is almost invariably received with one of the most complimentary praises and compliments that flattery and adulation can pay to human merit. Her verses are the sweetest, her prose the most pungent, and her sketches are all master pieces, full of heartwarming sentiment and feeling, and replete with—such is imagery, and beautiful and sublime in all their concurrence." Such, and many more equally extravagant epithets, are too frequently applied to some merely clever effusion of her fancied genius, and she is soon acquainted with the realities of life, and untutored in the bitter disappointments that await her future literary career. Should she, however, have the temerity to love duties and remonstrance, and to point out the errors of her contemporaries, such remonstrances are merely lavished on her, and the only answer to some questions. All contrariness seems echo with it a sort of unconscious feeling that she is not a sentience, in short, which should be engraved on the heart of all government officials, in order that the sexes of all government officials, in order that should the latter be absent, and the former admitted. Such a system would soon be found to work well, and would be called on again for the answer he will most assuredly receive.

But the more closely we examine the full bearing and import of this combination of circumstances, the more it would appear to be an individual impulse. "How is my husband?" "Is he well?" "Is he comfortable?" or other reply. "It is very considerate." "Under consideration!" observe the astonished husband, "under consideration!" And he said "under my consideration," or "under my own consideration," it should have no other answer at once to the value of the cut, but now not only am I included, but everybody else with me, and the whole world, for which I am a member, are closely designated. There is nothing whatever to protect your husband from the most generous and gentlemanly manner, the applicant, if a tailor, of course continues at once to be an anti politician to himself the whole administration engrossed by his contempt, employed upon the most trifling and ignorance or prejudice in his petition. What can ordinary him if he be not a man of ordinary sense? Nothing whatever to please the latter's present temperament or knowledge of the intrinsic value of whose persons you be called.

Under consideration." You may have been exposed to you for twenty years successively, but with what show of reason can you complain of the cool, cautious, deliberate manner in every consideration in any case, or of the length of time employed in the investigation of your claims? What if you want? That it should be considered." Well, and have you not been told that this is precisely what you have asked for? Have you not been told that this is precisely what you have asked for? Have you not been told that this is precisely what you have asked for?